

Her Billionaire Husband

Chapter 169

Is this damn woman a slave to money or something? Matthew thought incredulously as his face dimmed further.

Veronica couldn't have possibly taken a fee from Xavier when she celebrated his birthday for him, could she?

She had just spent over a million on Xavier at the club the other day. Matthew highly doubted she had taken Xavier's money just to celebrate his birthday after an incident like that had happened.

Despite starting to feel out of sorts at the mere thought of it, Matthew only apathetically replied, "I don't have the money."

"You don't have the money?" Veronica huffed in disbelief. "No money, no talk."

How could he dare expect her to celebrate his birthday without his financial contribution? *Maybe in your dreams*, she thought before she was hit by a sudden realization. "You brought me all the way back to Bloomstead just to celebrate your birthday with you?"

Her guess was dead on.

A trace of guilt flashed across Matthew's face at that, and his thin lips slightly parted. "You promised to arrange me and Tiffany's wedding. Who gave you permission to disappear halfway?"

Baffled, Veronica asked in return, "Didn't we come to an agreement on that? How can you go back on your own words?!"

"My own words? What have I promised you in my own words?" Matthew questioned. After taking a moment to think about Matthew's question, Veronica only shook her head and replied, "I don't think you promised me anything."

The corners of his lips began to lift as he looked at the naive and honest woman in front of him.

He then walked around her to the living room and propped himself onto the sofa. With one hand on the armrest, his other hand was placed on his knee and was lightly tapping in irregular intervals. His eyes held a glint of interest as he gazed at Veronica. "Tell me," he started again. "What plans do you have for the decorations in the wedding hall?"

Upon hearing his words, she could feel her blood pressure rising dangerously high as she was on the verge of spewing curse words at him at that moment.

With that, she angrily walked toward him and began to chastise him when she was standing right in front of him. "I'm not a wedding planner! Why the hell would you want me to decorate the wedding hall?"

Instead of answering her, Matthew continued, "I'll leave everything in your hands. You can get a wedding planning company if you want."

"Then why don't you hire a real wedding," Veronica started to rebuke, only to stop herself just in time when a thought flashed through her mind. She then made herself appear extremely reluctant as she nodded.

ed. "Alright. I'll do it since you requested me to. But you should give me an estimation of how much you are willing to spend. Let's be transparent about this. If not, what would I do if I went over budget and you decide to not pay up for my services?"

"Inform Thomas regarding any expenses that you need to be claimed," Matthew nonchalantly informed, to which Veronica, too, readily gave her okay.

She wasn't going to keep saying no as long as he was willing to reimburse her for the expenses.

Now in a much better mood, she said to him, "I have something else to do. Get your fiancée to celebrate your birthday with you." =

She then turned around and started to walk out of the place.

Staring at her back, Matthew was just about to say something when she suddenly stopped in her tracks and warned coldly, "You better watch Tiffany closely, Matthew. She may be your fiancée, and I probably won't stand a chance against the Kingses, but don't cross the line."

She knew that Matthew wasn't the target of her rage and that she shouldn't be telling him this, but it was getting hard for her to hold back.

With a somber look on her face, she then added, "If the day really does come, I hope that you will at least consider the fact that I was Grandma's savior. Don't you dare ever lay a finger on my family."

It was difficult to read the myriad of emotions in her eyes, but anyone could have sensed the sadness coming from Veronica through her tone of words.

Upon hearing this, Matthew knitted his dark brows into a frown and the tapping on his knee came to a stop. "What did she do to you this time?" he growled.

His face fell, and his left hand unconsciously curled into a tight fist as his anger began to bubble up.

"Why ask me when you can ask your little fiancée?" After saying that, the coldness in her gaze diminished, and she turned around again to leave.

Matthew sat there pondering in silence for quite some time after the door to his place was shut. He eventually got up, and after getting into his car, he drove straight to Dragon's Creek Villa.

Veronica, on the other hand, was walking by the roadside while giving Xavier a call.

"Roni?" Xavier skipped the greeting as soon as he picked up the call. "You finally turned on your phone! I was so close to driving down to Cabot Town myself if I still couldn't get to you."

Needless to say, he was gleeful about receiving a call from her.

"There was something wrong with my phone. I went and got it fixed because it wouldn't turn on," she answered with a giggle.

"Where are you now?"

She could only lie to him to prevent him from asking her questions as it would only complicate things if she explained further. "I'm still in Bloomstead. I haven't gone home yet."

Knowing that she was still around, Xavier immediately offered, "I'll head over to you now."

"N—

No, it is fine," she quickly rejected. "I'm only calling you to tell you that I'm safe. I still have to meet up with my friend later. I'll see you tomorrow?"

Xavier could tell from her tone that she had something else to do, so he knowingly stopped asking questions. "Alright then."

After their call ended, Veronica phoned Yvonne, and as soon as the call was picked up, she went straight to the point without starting with small talks like they usually would. "Yvie, can you help me with something?"

"Why are you acting all bashful? What do you need my help with? Just shoot"

This was the second time they spoke on the phone after Yvonne had left Twilight Condominium.

Their first call was when Yvonne had called Veronica to tell her about the good news, which she then transferred the money right after Matthew and Yvonne had signed the contract.

"Umm... In our earlier conversations, do you remember telling me about your friend who does wedding planning? Is she any good?" Veronica asked.

Yvonne

immediately knew who Veronica was asking about. "Oh, my friend was the planning director of Bloomstead's biggest wedding planning company, but she was laid off after she got pregnant. She is a full-time mom now. Why do you ask?"

"The thing is," Veronica began to explain, "I'm planning to open up a wedding planning company and I want to hire your friend. The pay will be high."

Since Matthew had entrusted her to plan the wedding, and even allowed her to claim whatever expenses she had, she might as well set up a new company, and earn as much as she could from him!

After arriving at Dragon's Creek

Villa, Matthew parked his car outside the building and went for the doorbell after getting out of his car. A servant soon came out to greet Matthew with a bow. "Ah! You are here, Young Master Matthew! Come on in."

Ignoring the servant's passionate welcome, Matthew merely glanced over at the servant coldly and asked, "Where is Tiffany?"

"I see. You

are here to see Miss Larson!" The servant happily laughed as she brought Matthew along to the main hall of the villa. "Please, come in!

Miss Larson came home early because she hasn't been feeling well. She is currently resting in her bedroom."

After entering the hall, the servant walked briskly toward Tiffany's parents and carefully announced, "Sir, Madam. Young Master Matthew is here."

The couple sitting on the sofa had been worried about their daughter's condition the whole day, but as soon as they learned that Matthew had paid them a visit, they were off the couch the next second to welcome him.

"Matthew! You are here to see Tiffy, yes?"

"You are finally here, Matthew. Tiffy has been in bed all day. My husband and I have been so worried!" The couple started speaking one after another.

They were confused by Matthew's sudden appearance at their residence, but they soon considered the possibility of him and Tiffany having conflict with one another being the reason for Tiffany's bad state the whole day.

However...

Why did Matthew have such a sour look on his face?

"She hasn't been feeling well?" Matthew repeated. He tilted his head slightly toward the second floor of the villa, and his cold eyes squinted as he stared. "I'll go take a look."

Matthew wanted to take a good look at the woman. He was truly intrigued by how 'unwell' someone who could lay hands on her own sister be.

He then strode his way up the stairs after he said his fill.

Floch began to follow after Matthew, only to be stopped by Rachel before he could take a step. "Geez, what are you trying to do? Let the younglings handle it themselves. Where are you sticking your nose into?" she reprimanded.

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"Did you see the look on Matthew's face?" Floch worriedly asked. "What if it is something serious?"